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drew back, and relapsed into all his former violence and barbarity.

M.

#### ANCIENT MILITARY EMULATION.

The Roman legislators bestowed particular attention on every thing which tended to excite and cherish a spirit of emulation amongst the troops. The Civic Crown was bestowed on him, who was so brave and fortunate as to save his commander's life in battle; and he who was so intrepid or adventurous, as to first scale an enemy's walls, was rewarded with a Mural crown.

M.

#### GRECIAN MODE OF FORMING TREATIES.

It is related by some of the ancient Greek historians, that certain Princes of Scythia, when contracting an alliance with each other, in order that the solemnity of the ceremony might be more forcibly impressed upon their minds, each of them made a small incision upon

their arm, and licked each others blood, imprecating the vengeance of Heaven upon the wretch who should dare from henceforth to violate the sacred engagement.

M.

#### ROMAN DEGENERACY.

The unparalleled courage and bravery of the Roman people in the days of Scipio and Julius Cæsar, forms a remarkable contrast with their extreme effeminacy and degeneracy in the decline of the empire.

Whilst the surrounding barbarous nations were making continual irruptions into the empire, and ravaging and plundering the defenceless frontiers; the luxurious and enervated youth of the interior provinces, in order to avoid the dangers and fatigues of war, cut off the fingers of their right hand, and thereby incapacitated themselves for performing the duties of a soldier.

M.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### CARDINAL WOLSEY'S LAMENTATION, ON ENTERING LEICESTER ABBEY AFTER HIS DISGRACE.

*An Historical Ballad.*

**HAIL**, time-worn towers, congenial  
ruins, hail!

For in your grass-grown courts, and  
mouldering cells,  
Your tottering arches, and your columns  
frail,  
Of my sad fate the mournful image  
dwells.

'Twas mine to rise pre-eminent, like you;  
(Why, busy memory, revive the past?)  
Detain the traveller's applauding view,  
Reflect the sun-beam, and repel the blast:

Like you, o'er half a realm my shadow  
fell;

Secure, like you, I mocked the sable  
cloud;

Like you, unmov'd, heard muttering thun-  
der swell,

Retorting every peal in echoes loud.

Meanwhile, a faithless spring, with silent  
course,

My deep foundation slowly under-  
min'd,

And, lo! what once withstood a whirl-  
wind's force,

Feels the light breath of every summer  
wind.

Hail, holy fathers! look with pitying  
eyes

On the dim close of Wolsey's bright  
career;

Waft on the wings of prayer his parting  
sighs ;  
Sooth his perturbed spirit with a tear.

Will you permit a poor, forlorn old man,  
Within the shelter of this calm retreat,  
To linger out his life's remaining span,  
And lay his weary bones beneath your  
feet ?

There, where in mournful sweep yon wil-  
lows wave,  
And seem, low murmuring, to chide  
my stay,  
With hallowed hands prepare a decent  
grave :  
But let no pompous rites insult my  
clay.

Oh ! had I served my God with half the  
zeal  
Each word and action for my King  
declar'd,  
He had not left me in mine age to feel  
The deep reverse mine enemies pre-  
par'd.

Saved from the feverish toil for power  
and praise,  
More elevated aims your lives employ,  
The silent current of whose tranquil days  
Flows to the ocean of eternal joy.

While my resounding, rapid, headlong  
course,  
May to perdition's dreary gulf have  
led,  
Though nature's hand adorn'd the copious  
source,  
And vivid laurels by the stream were  
fed.

Your massy gates, ye pious brethren,  
close ;  
No more for Wolsey shall their hinges  
grate ;  
Here shall his dust ere long in peace re-  
pose—  
His spirit flown to try her doubtful  
fate.

T.

## SONG.

WHEN will Clarissa deign to grace  
My little rustic, peaceful cell ?  
Three moons have crept with tedious pace,  
And seen me on her promise dwell.

The beam of hope, serene and clear,  
Returned with each returning ray,  
While disappointment's silent tear  
Fell with the dew at close of day.

Say, if too rashly I believ'd,  
If groundless hope those lips can give ?—  
Ah, no ! still let me be deceiv'd,  
And on the sweet delusions live.

T.

STANZAS ; WRITTEN ON TAKING AN  
EVENING WALK, IN THE SUMMER  
OF 1811.

WHEN from the town's unwholesome air,  
And crowded streets, I stray,  
A summer evening, mild and fair,  
To spend remote from 'fray.

The slumbering zephyrs breathe perfumes,  
And fan with health the fields ;  
While Nature's choir, in varied plumes,  
A cheerful concert yields.

The flocks and herds, through flow'ry soil,  
In gay luxuriance stray,  
While smiling youths, with pleasing toil,  
Conclude the tasks of day.

Yon lab'ring rustic's chanted song,  
Bespeaks his true content ;  
A blessing which to those belong,  
Who no vain wants lament.

Th' enraptur'd eye, in every part  
Of Nature's beauteous show ;  
Prefers simplicity to art,  
With its affected glow.

Thus Nature, in her wild retreat,  
More true delight can give ;  
Than cities, where the rich and great,  
Magnificently live.

JUNUS.

Bonemain, July 1st, 1812.

## EPIGRAM.

A WAG, in a frolic, facetiously cries,  
To a semi-blind gentleman demming his eyes :—  
" Pray, sir, be so kind, as to give informa-  
tion,—  
Did a curse drive your other eye into  
d.....n ?

JUNUS.